

The sad-ey'd Justice with his surly humme,
Delivering ore to Executors pale
The lazie yawning Drone: I this inferre,
That many things hauing full reference
To one consent, may worke contrariouly,
As many Arrowes loosed seuerall wayes
Come to one marke: as many wayes meet in one towne,
As many fresh streames meet in one salt sea;
As many Lynes close in the Dials center:
So may a thousand actions once a foote,
And in one purpose, and be all well borne
Without defeat. Therefore to France, my Liege,
Diuide your happy England into foure,
Whereof, take you one quarter into France,
And you withall shall make all Gallia shake.
If we with thrice such powers left at home,
Cannot defend our owne doores from the dogge.
Let vs be worried, and our Nation lose
The name of hardinesse and policie.

King. Call in the Messengers sent from the Dolphin.
Now are we well resolu'd, and by Gods helpe
And yours, the noble sinewes of our power,
France being ours, wee'l bend it to our Awe,
Or breake it all to peeces. Or there wee'l sit,
(Ruling in large and ample Emperie,
Ore France, and all her (almost) Kingly Dukedomes)
Or lay these bones in an vnworthy Vrne,
Tomblesse, with no remembrance ouer them:
Either our History shall with full mouth
Speake freely of our Acts, or else our graue
Like Turkish mute, shall haue a tonguelesse mouth,
Not worshipt with a waxen Epitaph.

Enter Ambassadors of France.
Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure
Of our faire Cousin Dolphin: for we heare,
Your greeting is from him, not from the King.

Amb. May't please your Maiestie to giue vs leaue
Freely to render what we haue in charge:
Or shall we sparingly shew you farre off
The Dolphins meauing, and our Embasie.

King. We are no Tyrant, but a Christian King,
Vnto whose grace our passion is as subiect
As is our wretches settred in our prisons,
Therefore with franke and with vncurbed plainnesse,
Tell vs the Dolphins minde.

Amb. Thus than in few:
Your Highnesse lately sending into France,
Did claime some certaine Dukedomes, in the right
Of your great Predecessor, King Edward the third.
In answer of which claime, the Prince our Master
Sayes, that you fauour too much of your youth,
And bids you be aduis'd: There's nought in France,
That can be with a nimble Galliard wonne:
You cannot reuell into Dukedomes there,
He therefore sends you meeter for your spirit
This Tun of Treasure; and in lieu of this,
Desires you let the dukedomes that you claime
Heare no more of you. This the Dolphin speaks.

King. What Treasure Vncle?
Exc. Tennis ballies, my Liege.

King. We are glad the Dolphin is so pleasant with vs,
His Present, and your paines we thanke you for:
When we haue matcht our Rackets to these Ballies,
We will in France (by Gods grace) play a set,
Shall strike his fathers Crowne into the hazard.
Tell him, he hath made a match with such a Wrangler,

That all the Courts of France will be disturb'd
With Chaces. And we vnderstand him well,
How he comes o're vs with our wilder dayes,
Not measuring what vie we made of them.
We neuer valew'd this poore seate of England,
And therefore liuing hence, did giue our selfe
To barbarous license: As 'tis euer common,
That men are merriest, when they are from home.
But tell the Dolphin, I will keepe my State,
Be like a King, and shew my sayle of Greatnesse,
When I do rowse me in my Throne of France,
For that I haue layd by my Maiestie,
And plodded like a man for working dayes:
But I will rise there with so full a glorie,
That I will dazle all the eyes of France,
Yea strike the Dolphin blinde to looke on vs,
And tell the pleasant Prince, this Mocke of his
Hath turn'd his ballies to Gun-stones, and his soule
Shall stand fore charged, for the wastefull vengeance
That shall flye with them: for many a thousand widow
Shall this his Mocke, mocke out of their deer husbands;
Mocke mothers from their sonnes, mock Castles downe,
And some are yet vngrotten and vnborne,
That shal haue cause to curse the Dolphins scorne,
But this yes all within the wil of God,
To whom I do appeale, and in whose name
Tel you the Dolphin, I am coming on,
To venge me as I may, and to put forth
My rightfull hand in a wel-hallow'd cause.
So get you hence in peace: And tell the Dolphin,
His Iest will fauour but of shallow wit,
When thousands weepe more then did laugh at it,
Conuey them with safe conduct. Fare you well.

Exit Ambassadors.
Exc. This was a merry Message.
King. We hope to make the Sender blush at it:
Therefore, my Lords, omit no happy howe,
That may giue furth'rance to our Expedition:
For we haue now no thought in vs but France,
Saue those to God, that runne before our businesse.
Therefore let our proportions for these Warres
Be soone collected, and all things thought vpon,
That may with reasonable swiftnesse adde
More Feathers to our Wings: for God before,
Wee'le chide this Dolphin at his fathers doore.
Therefore let euery man now taske his thought,
That this faire Action may on foot be brought.

Flourish. Enter Chorus.
Now all the Youth of England are on fire,
And silken Dalliance in the Wardrobe lyes:
Now thriue the Armors, and Honors thought
Reignes solely in the breast of euery man.
They sell the Pasture now, to buy the Horse;
Following the Mirror of all Christian Kings,
With winged heeles, as English Merchants.
For now sits Expectation in the Ayre,
And hides a Sword, from Hilt vnto the Point,
With Crownes Imperiall, Crownes and Coronets,
Promis'd to Harry, and his followers.
The French aduis'd by good intelligence
Of this most dreadfull preparation,
Shake in their feare, and with pale Pollicy
Seeke to diuert the English purposes.
O England: Modell tarby inward Greatnesse,
Like little Body with an mightie Heart;

What mightest thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kinde and naturall:
But see, thy fault France hath in thee found out,
A nest of hollow bofomes, which he fills
With treacherous Crownes, and three corrupted men:
One, Richard Earle of Cambridge, and the second
Henry Lord Scroope of Malham, and the third
Sir Thomas Grey Knight of Northumberland,
Haue for the Gilt of France (O guilt indeed)
Confirm'd Conspiracy with fearefull France,
And by their hands, this grace of Kings must dye.
If Hell and Treason hold their promises,
Ere he take ship for France; and in Southampton
Linger your patience on, and wee'l digest
This abuse of distance; force a play:
The summe is payde, the Traitors are agreed,
The King is set from London, and the Scene
Is now transported (Gentles) to Southampton:
There is the Play-house now, there must you sit,
And thence to France shall we conuey you safe,
And bring you backe: Charming the narrow seas
To giue you gentle Passe: for if we may,
Wee'l not offend one stomacke with our Play.
But till the King come forth, and not till then,
Vnto Southampton do we shift our Scene.

Enter Corporall Nym, and Lieutenant Bardolfe.
Bar. Well met Corporall Nym.
Nym. Good morrow Lieutenant Bardolfe.
Bar. What, are Ancient Pistoll and you friends yet?
Nym. For my part, I care not: I say little: but when
time shall serue, there shall be smiles, but that shall be as
it may. I dare not fight, but I will winke and holde out
mine yron: it is a simple one, but what though? It will
toste Cheefe, and it will endure cold, as another mans
sword will: and there's an end.

Bar. I will bestow a breakfast to make you friendes,
and wee'l bee all three sworne brothers to France: Let't
be so good Corporall Nym.

Nym. Faith, I will liue so long as I may, that's the cer-
taine of it: and when I cannot liue any longer, I will doe
as I may: That is my rest, that is the rendezous of it.

Bar. It is certaine Corporall, that he is married to
Nell Quickly, and certainly she did you wrong, for you
were troth-plight to her.

Nym. I cannot tell, Things must be as they may: men
may sleepe, and they may haue their throats about them
at that time, and some say, kniues haue edges: It must
be as it may, though patience be a tyred name, yet shee
will plodde, there must be Conclusions, well, I cannot
tell.

Enter Pistoll, & Quickly.
Bar. Heere comes Ancient Pistoll and his wife: good
Corporall be patient heere. How now mine Hoaste Pi-
stoll?

Pist. Bafe Tyke, cal'st thou mee Hoaste? now by this
hand I sweare I scorne the terme: nor shall my Nell keep
Lodgers.

Ho. No by my troth, not long: For we cannot lodge
and board a dozen or fourtene Gentlewomen that liue
honestly by the pricke of their Needles, but it will bee
thought we keepe a Bawdy-house straight. O welliday
Lady, if he be not hewne now, we shall see wilful adulte-
ry and murther committed.

Bar. Good Lieutenant, good Corporall offer nothing
heere.

Nym. Pist.

Pist. Pist for thee, Island dogge: thou prickeard cur
of Island.

Ho. Good Corporall Nym shew thy valor, and put
vp your sword.

Nym. Will you shogge off? I would haue you solus.

Pist. Solus, egregious dog? O Viper vile; The solus
in thy most meruailous face, the solus in thy teeth, and
in thy throate, and in thy hatefull Lungs, yea in thy Maw
perdy; and which is worse, within thy nastie mouth. I
do retort the solus in thy bowels, for I can take, and Pi-
stols cocke is vp, and flashing fire will follow.

Nym. I am not Barbason, you cannot coniuere mee: I
haue an humor to knocke you indifferently well: If you
grow fowle with me Pistoll, I will scoure you with my
Rapier, as I may, in sayre tearmes. If you would walke
off, I would pricke your guts a little in good tearmes, as
I may, and that's the humor of it.

Pist. O Braggard vile, and damned furious wight,
The Graue doth gape, and doting death is neere,
Therefore exhale.

Bar. Heare me, heare me what I say: Hee that strikes
the first stroake, Ile run him vp to the hilts, as I am a sol-
dier.

Pist. An oath of mickle might, and fury shall abate.
Giue me thy fist, thy fore-foote to me giue: Thy spirities
are most tall.

Nym. I will cut thy throate one time or other in faire
tearmes, that is the humor of it.

Pistoll. Couple a gorge, that is the word. I desiethee a-
gain. O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to get?
No, to the spittle goe, and from the Poudring tub of in-
famy, fetch forth the Lazar Kite of Cressids kinde, Doll
Teare-sheeete, she by raine, and her spouse. I haue, and I
will hold the Quondam Quickly for the onely shee: and
Pausa, there's enough to go to.

Enter the Boy.
Boy. Mine Hoast Pistoll, you must come to my May-
ster, and your Hostesse: He is very sicke, & would to bed.
Good Bardolfe, put thy face betwene his sheets, and do
the Office of a Warming-pan: Faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away you Rogue.
Ho. By my troth he'l yeeld the Crow a pudding one
of these dayes: the King has kild his heart. Good Hus-
band come home presently.

Bar. Come, shall I make you two friends. Wee must
to France together: why the diuel should we keep kniues
to cut one anothers throats?

Pist. Let floods ore-swell, and fiends for food howle
on.

Nym. You'l pay me the eights shillings I won of you
at Betting?

Pist. Bafe is the Slaue that payes.
Nym. That now I wil haue: that's the humor of it.

Pist. As manhood shal compound: push home.

Bard. By this sword, hee that makes the first thrust,
Ile kill him: By this sword, I wil.

Pi. Sword is an Oath, & Oaths must haue their course

Bar. Coporall Nym, & thou wilt be friends be friends,
and thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me to pre-
thee put vp.

Pist. A Noble shalt thou haue, and present pay, and
Liquor likewise will I giue to thee, and friendshippe
shall combyne, and brotherhood. Ile liue by Nymme, &
Nymme shall liue by me, is not this iust? For I shal Sut-
ler be vnto the Campe, and profits will accrue. Giue mee
thy hand.